

## free drinks and bad company

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## free drinks and bad company

by [venus43](#)

### Summary

“Dream,” The man says again, gesturing to himself with a grin, “And you are?”

George raises an eyebrow, “Is that your real name?”

“No,” Dream says, the smile still not falling from his mouth, “But you can call me it anyway.”

...

or the one where george goes to a party and dream won't leave him alone

### Notes

hi !! it feels weird to be posting on ao3 again. I'ts my first time writing this pairing and my first time actually writing in a while. I do want to get back into writing though so I hope you all enjoy this for the time being.

as always, any comments, kudos and constructive criticism is welcome and I hope you enjoy x

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The first thing George notices from his position cramped up against the light blue walls of

whoever's house he's currently stood in, is that the beer in the bright red cup he's holding, is positively disgusting. It's lukewarm and bitter and every time he takes a sip he feels as though he'll be sick, but he's not even meant to be there, so who's he to complain.

The next thing he notices though, is exactly how much he hates parties.

He sighs, letting his head fall back as he brings the cup up to his lips, cringing at the taste but drinking it anyway. 'The only good thing about these parties is the free drinks,' he muses to himself, a faint smile forcing its way onto his face and he goes to drink again but the sound of the front door swinging open and a loud cheer draws his attention instead.

A group of boys, all in the same team colours, barge their way through the door, all grinning from ear to ear as the crowd welcomes them with delight. George tries to keep the frown off his face, ignoring the commotion and choosing to go refill his drink instead. He pushes past a few idle people to make his way towards the drinks table, ignoring the glares people send him as he moves.

His own fault for going to his rival school's celebration party, he supposes.

Eventually, he reaches the drinks, grabbing a can of shitty beer and pouring it into his cup, keeping his head down as he does so.

"Hey shortie," George looks up, a scowl already making its way onto his face when he sees the tall, blond-haired boy that's standing in front of him. "Pass me a drink," the boy says with a smile, either having not noticed or ignoring the unwelcoming look George is giving him.

Reluctantly, George hands over a can of beer, flinching when his hand touches the others, but his reaction is only met with a light chuckle and another hand being pushed in front of his face.

"I'm Dream," the man- Dream says, lowering his hand hesitantly when George makes no attempt to grab it.

"Nice," George says dismissively, his eyes flick up to meet Dream's green ones and he holds the contact for a second before staring back down into his drink.

The music around them still booms and fills the room at an uncomfortably loud level and George's ears feel as though they may shatter if he has to listen to it for much longer, so, without a word he spins on his heel, walking towards the back door and slipping through it, the effects of the night all hitting him at once as the cool air touches his skin. He slumps against the brick wall, watching as people tumble around the grass, intoxicated and carefree.

Just as he's about to take another drink, he feels the wall shake as a body slots in next to his, a cough coming from his side to draw his attention and when he looks up, he's greeted by the same blond hair and green eyes from before.

"Dream," The man says again, gesturing to himself with a grin, "And you are?"

George raises an eyebrow, "Is that your real name?"

"No," Dream says, the smile still not falling from his mouth, "But you can call me it anyway."

George hums, turning away and hoping, no, praying Dream would take the hint and just leave him alone.

"Are you going to tell me your name or?"

“No,” George says into his cup, tugging his jacket tighter around his body with his free hand. He’d definitely made a mistake coming here, he thinks with a sigh, who could have guessed parties could be worse than he’d originally thought.

He watches in disinterest as Dream raises a hand up to wave at the group of boys George had seen from earlier, them all jeering and waving back; eyes darting between George and him causing the cheers to get louder and George’s scowl to deepen.

“What’d you think of the game?” Dream asks, breaking their silence.

“What game?”

Dream, for the first time it seems, frowns, head tilting to look down at George, “The football game.” He states, as though it’s obvious, “The whole reason this party’s happening.”

George hides his smile, “Oh, I didn’t know,” he states, lying through his teeth but pleased at the reaction he drew from the other.

“So, you didn’t go and cheer me on,” Dream jokes, the award-winning smile back on his face as he makes eye contact with the other.

“No,” George says, having to tilt his head upwards to not break the stare, “But if I had gone, I would have probably supported my own school, not yours.” He watches as confusion flickers over Dream’s face for a moment, briefly making him glance away from the shorter.

“Why are you here then?”

George shakes his cup, “Take a guess.”

Pouting, Dream chuckles, his eyes dropping to George’s lips for a second and then back up, “And here I was hoping you came for me.”

George scoffs, “As if.”

“Oh, come on,” Dream says, voice dropping an octave lower, “Just look at me, star quarterback and this face- I’m every girl’s wet dream. You can’t tell me you wouldn’t.”

“I wouldn’t,” George says, a smile tugging at his lips that he manages to push down.

“Whatever shortie.”

George’s scowl returns. “Don’t call me that.”

He watches Dream smile coyly, taking a sip out of his can and tilting his head up to do so - Adam’s apple bobbing in a way that George can’t tear his eyes off of. “But you are small,” Dream taunts, “I could crush you.”

“I’m not even short,” George says, rolling his eyes, “You’re just like, really tall.”

“Yeah?” Dream asks, crowding him up against the wall, his arms coming up to trap George in place so all he can do is look up, gaze falling on Dream’s lips.

He sighs, head hitting the wall behind him. “Fuck off,” he says, no real malice in his tone.

Dream’s staring down at him with an unreadable expression and for a moment George wonders whether or not this is some kind of bet or a ploy to make a fool out of him.

Tomorrow he can tell himself it was just the alcohol, that's what made him do it, but right now he won't even think about any possible repercussions; he doesn't care. He reaches forward and grips the front of Dream's shirt, pulling him down so that their foreheads touch. They're so so close, close enough for George to be able to feel the taller's warm breath against his face.

"My name's George," he whispers against the other man's lips, his thought process stopping completely when he feels Dream press against him, lips capturing his own briefly before pulling away.

It's almost like a switch is flipped in George's brain, he tightens his grip in Dream's shirt, fighting the urge to whine into the other's mouth as lips move against his. Dream's tongue trails across his bottom lip, hands coming up to trail over the skin underneath George's t-shirt. Dream's body is smothering him against the wall, and George feels him bite at his lip forcing a soft noise out of his lips.

"Fuck," Dream groans, pulling away and panting slightly. "Can we get out of here?"

"Yeah," George says, too preoccupied with the feeling of Dream's hand on his waist to say make a snarky comment. He lets Dream guide him back into the party, lets him steer his body through the crowd of sweaty people and doesn't think twice when Dream asks him to stay by the front door for a second, disappearing off into the crowd.

When he returns, George is contemplating finishing off the rest of his drink and just as he's about to try, the cup is pried from his hand and replaced with a water bottle.

"You sober up," Dream says, keys dangling from his fingers on a silver chain. "I'll drive."

"Is that safe?" George asks, stepping through the door that Dream's opened for him and unscrewing the lid from the drink, chugging it quickly.

"I've only had half a can," Dream says, leading George to one of the cars in front of the house, "So don't you worry your pretty little head about it."

George huffs, slipping into the passenger seat and watching Dream start up the engine out of the corner of his eye. He feels Dream's hand slide onto his thigh, face threatening to turn red at the implications of it, but he lets Dream squeeze and rest his hand there anyway, George pulling off his jacket and throwing it into the backseat to try and cool himself down.

The drive is agonisingly slow. To George it seems as though Dream is taking as many wrong turns as he can, one of his hands gripping the wheel and the other still trailing up George's thigh, the touch light and teasing and all George wants to do is to tell him to just stop the car so that they can just speed things up already.

After what feels like years, Dream is pulling up to a large white house, the lights all seemingly off and the neighbourhood quiet. It takes seconds for Dream to pull off his seatbelt and hop out of the car and only few more for George to be in the same position, with Dream pressed up behind him and pushing him forwards towards the house.

"My parents are out," Dream says, lips grazing over the shell of his ear as he opens up the door. "You can be as loud as you want."

George scoffs, elbowing him in the stomach and is about to start speaking again but the words die at his throat as Dream spins his body around, pushing them both through the door and closing it with his foot. Their bodies press together, and Dream pushes his hips against George's, hands

coming to rest under the other's legs and pick him up to wrap them around his waist. Their lips press together, and George lets out a soft noise of surprise, trying to stabilise himself.

George's hands fly up to grab at Dream's hair, pulling softly as the other man deepens the kiss, tongues pushing against each other as Dream explores George's mouth, keeping him pressed up against the wall. Dream dominates the kiss easily, moving expertly against George who just mewls and tries to keep up, letting Dream explore his mouth however he wants.

"Dream," George all but whines, "Bedroom, now."

Dream's grip tightens, the boy determined to keep touching the other in his arms as they make their way up the stairs. George clings onto him, arms wrapped around Dream's neck to keep him stable, and he resigns to planting soft kisses to his collarbone, eventually stopping to suck hickeys into the soft skin, spurred on by the sound of Dream's breath becoming laboured.

He's barely aware of his surroundings when he feels Dream's arms fall from underneath him, a shrill squeak coming from his mouth as he's dropped onto the bed and the other's laugh fills his ears. "Shut up," he mumbles, gripping Dream's face and pulling him down to kiss him again. He rolls his hips upwards, Dream sighing into his mouth and doing the same thing, slowly building up a rhythm that feels too good.

He feels his skin warm with need, and something about the way Dream doesn't make a sound, the way he acts so nonchalantly while George is crumbling underneath him makes George's head fall back, his mind spinning and buzzing so much he can't form a coherent sentence.

George's hands push up the front of Dream's shirt, pulling at the material, "Off," he mewls, smiling when the other pulls away to pull the shirt over his head and throw it to the side, reconnecting their lips as soon as he's done so.

Their hands both go to George's shirt next, tugging the material off of his body and his skin feels like ice where Dream's large, tan hands touch his bare skin. He barely has a second to think before Dream's unbuttoning his jeans, rolling his hips with each movement, the touch maddening and George starting to get impatient.

Dream pulls his jeans off quickly, pulling off his own seconds later and he glances down at the brown eyed boy below him, "God," he says, under his breath so quietly George can't tell if it was even meant to fall on his ears, "You're so pretty."

His face burns red and he grips at Dream's biceps where they cage him in. "Stop fucking staring at me and get on with it," he complains, trying to lean up and capture Dream's lips in another kiss but the other boy pulls away, choosing instead to keep George under his stare.

"Can I?" Dream asks, hesitant fingers dipping under the waistband of George's underwear, pulling the material down past George's legs when he nods desperately. He doesn't make a move after that, watching George squirm under his gaze and his pale face turn redder as he looks to the side, looks anywhere but at Dream.

He leans to the side, over to the table next to his bed and he rummages through one of the drawers, pulling out a small bottle of lube and squeezing some of its contents onto his fingers. He smiles, glancing back down at George who's been following his actions with clear impatience on his face. He leans down, noticing the way George's arms shake as he tries to bring a hand up to pull their faces together.

A soft whimper escapes from George's lips as Dream reaches a hand between their bodies and

wraps it around George's cock, his hips buck up into Dream's grip and the touch feels like so much but still not enough. He can't get over how Dream's hovering over him, making him feel so small beneath him as he jerks George's cock, smirking at how he's falling apart more and more with every movement.

Heat rushes through George's body, his mouth falling open and making him look nothing short of sinful. A gasp rattles in his throat as he uses all of his willpower not to beg for more, the humiliation of Dream's eyes never drifting from his face as he strokes him faster, making him shudder.

*"Dream," George whimpers, "Dream please- I'm going to-" his eyes threaten to fall shut just as he's about to reach his orgasm, the feeling so close. He rolls his hips in a tiny motion, silently pleading for Dream to do it and he's shamelessly thrashing around on the sheets. So, so close.*

But suddenly he feels Dream let him go completely. His eyes snap open and he can't hold back the pained sob that escapes from his throat. Breathless, he writhes around, attempting to reach down and finish himself off but Dream grabs his wrist in what feels like an iron-grip, pinning his hands down above his head. *"No!" he sobs, hips bucking up instinctively, but Dream avoids the contact.*

"I know I know," Dream mumbles against his ear, almost apologetically, but George can hear him smirking, "But you're so pretty like this."

"I was so close," George says, tears promising to fall from his eyes if this goes on longer than it has to.

"I know baby," Dream whispers. He lets go of George's wrists, gesturing for the boy to get up from underneath him. He pulls George up and onto his lap, kissing up his neck and just under his ear, the gentle hum he draws from him telling him he's found George's soft spot.

Tugging at Dream's boxers, George pulls away from the kisses he's being smothered in, "Off," he says quietly, revelling in the way, Dream's muscles flex when he extends his arm out to take off his underwear while also keeping George comfortable. "Fuck," George breathes, looking down and staring shamelessly. He lets Dream guide his hand down onto his crotch, not responding when he tries to initiate another kiss and keeping his head angled down so Dream has to just bite at his neck. "You're really big," He says, hearing Dream curse above him and when he looks up, he's met with lust filled eyes and lips, swollen and red from George biting at them.

He feels Dream go back to nipping at his collarbone, no doubt leaving marks on his fair skin and George's eyes flutter at the contact. "Can I blow you?" George asks, the question alone making Dream groan against his skin.

"Fucking go for it," Dream says enthusiastically, watching George slide off his lap and to onto his knees in front of the bed. He watches in awe as George blows a soft breath onto his cock before wrapping an unsteady hand around the base. He leans forwards slightly, bringing the tip to his mouth and digging his tongue into the slit, the way Dream groans above him an indicator that he's doing something right.

He feels Dream weave his fingers through his hair, not pushing in any way but a clear reminder that he's there. Georges shudders as he gradually takes more into his mouth, Dream's cock heavy against his tongue and he bobs his head to take as much as he can in without gagging. He hollows out his cheeks, using his tongue to tease the tip the best he can.

His eyes brim with tears as he looks up at Dream, making a mess of himself as he swallows down more, doing his best to please him. His head spins deliriously, hands resting on Dream's thighs as

he moves faster, letting Dream start to guide him using the hand in his hair. He hollows out his cheeks and revels in the way it makes Dream groan above him, starting to lose his composure more and more as George swallows around his throbbing cock.

His mouth aches with a dull sort of pain from trying to take more than he could handle but after a while he gets used to the feeling, moaning around Dream's dick and making the other man buck his hips up at the unexpected vibrations.

George chokes, head being pulled up by Dream's grip and a trail of saliva running from his bottom lip to Dream's cock. His eyes are glazed over and watering and his head feels light as he squeezes Dream's thighs to try and bring him back.

"Come on," Dream mumbles, tugging him back up onto the bed by his hair. He lets Dream manhandle him into his lap once more and they lock eyes when Dream lifts his hand to prop up George's chin and his thumb pushes between George's pink lips.

When he makes no attempt to move, George grabs onto Dream's palm. His own small hand barely covering Dream's. He pulls Dream's fingers into his mouth, bobbing up and down the same way he was doing before to get the digits slick with his saliva. Dream watches George's mouth entranced, letting George go at his own speed until he needs to tear his eyes away for it's too much for him to handle.

"Stop," Dream murmurs, pulling his fingers out of George's mouth and readjusting them so George is lying flat on his back and Dream's above him. Dream pulls his legs apart, chuckling at the whimper George lets out and the pink tone that's returned to his face. Dream hums, stroking the side of George's face lightly, "Are you embarrassed?" He asks, hearing the little noise George lets out and continuing, "Don't be shy." He spreads George's legs further, moving so his face is just above George's abdomen and one of his hands comes to rest on his waist. He opens up the cap of the lube and pours a bit more onto his fingers, pressing up against George's hole.

"Do you still want this?" He asks, just to make sure, and George's breathless agreement tells him to push in. He hears George try to hide the noise of pain he makes and continues to move his finger in and out, getting George used to the feeling until his breath becomes laboured and Dream knows he's able to slot in a second finger next to it. He feels George reach down and grab his spare hand, squeezing at the intrusion, and when Dream scissors his fingers, he can hear George's breath hitch.

"More, please," George whines, "I need, ah-" *He feels Dream's fingers press lightly against his prostate, the touch taunting him as he begs for Dream to do it again. His back arches in pleasure as Dream hits the spot again, reacting with a soft cry as Dream slips in a third finger. His hips push up into the air, pushed straight back into the mattress by Dream's other hand, and he's squirming around on top of the bed. His hands move to fist into the sheets and his legs start to tremble as Dream moves his fingers without mercy, crooking them so he can hit his prostate with each push.*

The motion becomes repetitive, almost seeming like a game of how long it can take Dream to get George to completely unravel on his fingers alone. George glances down, moaning brokenly when he sees Dream staring back up at him with a dark look in his eyes.

Without warning, Dream wraps a hand around George's thigh, hoisting it up and over his shoulder to press his fingers deeper and George can barely breathe, his moans becoming louder and louder. A string of curses fall from his lips and he can't hold anything back, pinned in place by Dream's large hands and being made to take whatever Dream gives him.

"Dream, fuck-" he sobs, "Please, I'm so close- no," *He feels Dream pull his fingers out without*

*warning, pulling him straight off of the edge and forcing him to crash down to reality. He hears himself whine and plead for something more, but Dream doesn't give it to him. Instead, all he's given is the soft touch of Dreams hand on his hip, causing the tears to finally spill and pour down his face.*

"It's okay," Dream says, voice sounding rough. He lifts a hand to wipe the tears off of Georges face before leaning towards him and pressing their lips together, the salty taste being passed between them. "God, I want to fuck you so bad."

He hears the cap of the lube open once again, and watches Dream pour a generous amount onto his cock, slicking himself up.

"Yeah," George agrees, his voice is shaking and he's sure he will have lost it in the morning but now he's not against begging, begging Dream to finally just fuck him and it over with, because this should have happened ages ago. He's desperate and needy and when he finally feels Dream press the head of his cock against him the tears are making their way back up.

Dream holds the base of his cock as he starts to push in, agonisingly slow and his mouth falls open, eyes falling shut as he feels the tightness around him. "I've wanted to fuck you since the first time I saw you," Dream can't stop himself from saying. "Any party I went to you were always there," he says, still pushing in and hearing George's needy gasps get louder with every shaky movement, "No one knew who you were or what school you went to," he continues, bottoming out and staying still for a moment, cock buried deep inside of the other. "That pretty face of yours really made an impression." He explains with a chuckle. "But now you're here. In my bed, falling apart on my cock." He pushes in a bit more, moving around until he's rubbing up against George's prostate. "Aren't I lucky?"

He opens his eyes, watching the blush travel down George's neck and to the top of his chest.

"Move," George pleads, his eyes wide and glassy as he looks up at Dream. "Please..."

Smirking, Dream takes his trembling thighs and brings them up over his shoulders, pulling his hips back ever so slightly. He watches George's face as he snaps his hips forwards, moving in and out slowly so he can fuck George hard and deep, exactly how he wants to.

Dream can feel George pushing back against him and does his best to time it so that they're moving at the same time, forcing George's moans to get louder and so that he can watch the other toss and turn on the sheets.

He rubs up against George's prostate, teasing him by pulling out almost completely before slamming in and watching George's body twitch and his mouth hang open in pleasure. Dream fucks him open with reckless abandon, his fingers digging into the skin on George's hips with a bruising grip, so hard he's sure there'll be marks there in the morning, but he can't bring himself to care.

George whines, "Please- *ah Dream.*"

He doesn't expect it when Dream speeds up, his hips moving faster, until George is painfully hard, and panting, broken moans tumbling from his lips and god, Dream wants to savour this moment. He wants to remember exactly how George looks, his hair messy and sticking to his forehead as Dream pounds him into the mattress, he looks so gorgeous underneath him, like something ripped straight from the pages of a fairy tale, or a deity that deserves to be worshipped. And Dream would worship him.



He angles his hips so he's pressing against George's prostate with every thrust, and George's mind is too foggy to form anything other than Dream's name and the moans he tries and fails to stifle.

"Dream-" George cries, bringing his hands up to drag Dream down and bring their lips together. George moans into the kiss, his whines being trapped between the two of them and the air is soon filled by the sound of their skin slapping together and his own noises.

He's almost in a daze, Dream fucking into him harder and harder each second in a way that's making him question why he'd never let this happen before. He'd had sex, yeah, but nothing this good, nothing that's making him scream the way he is now. Dream's pace is relentless, making him splutter and instinctively reach up for anything that he can hold on to.

His legs slip down off of Dream's shoulders and Dream moves his arms so he can wrap George's slender legs around his waist, the angle different but still letting George feel Dream inside of him. He feels so full, so breakable like this and he doesn't know how much longer he can hold out for when Dream's fucking him like this.

Dream's grunting above him, each thrust making George arch his back and claw at his arms, nails digging into his skin. "You're doing so well," Dream says softly.

"Please Dream," He begs, "Can I- *ah, can I come?*"

"Yeah baby," Dream says, pushing a sweaty palm between their bodies and wrapping it around George's cock. He's moves precisely, timing each stroke with his thrusts until George is on the verge of tears.

*"Dream!" George yells, spilling hard onto his chest with a loud moan.*

Dream feels George clench around him, and he continues to fuck him hard through his orgasm. he can hear the sobs fall from his lips, but Dream doesn't stop there, he pulls George up, so he's still sat on his cock and he thrusts into his limp body ruthlessly, desperately chasing his own orgasm. He watches the tears fall down George's face and waits for the blinding waves of pleasure to wash over him before he slows his pace.

He spills into George, filling him up with a loud groan before collapsing against his chest, cock still buried inside him.

He waits a moment to regain his breath before pulling out slowly, grimacing when George winces. George looks up at Dream, completely fucked out, his arm shaking when he tries to prop himself up with it. Breathing heavily, he watches Dream stand up and leave the room, eyes falling shut and his body on the verge of shutting down.

He feels the bed dip again when Dream returns, running a damp towel across his body to clean him off, the soothing touch heavily contrasting how they had been less than 10 minutes before and George hums softly at it.

Smiling softly, he lets his eyes close once again, they can talk about this in the morning.

## End Notes

any fic prompts or suggestions you can leave on my twitter, either anonymously or you can

message me :)

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